

NO. 7

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What riseth from the ocean caves,
And the stormy surf?
The phantom *pole* nets his blackened foot
On the fresh green turf.
Then raising his voice solemnly he
said:
You asked to see your friend Francis
Villiers who was drowned three years
ago, off the coast of South America; What
do you see?
I replied the student, a white Night
arising near the window; but it has no
form; it is like an uncertain cloud.
We—the spectators—remained silent.

loud voice.
I am not, replied the student, firmly.
After a few moments' silence; the pedlar stamped three times on the ground and sang—
And the phantom whose clay-cold face
Was once so fair
Dreathed with his shroud his clinging vest
And his sea-tossed hair,
"You asked to see revealed the mysteries
Of the tomb what do you see now?"
The student answered in a calm voice
but like that of a man describing things
as they passed before him:
"I see the cloud taking the form of a
phantom; its head is covered with a long
tall—it stands still."
"Are you afraid?"
"I am not."
We looked at each other in horror-struck
silence, while the merchant, raising his
arms above his head, chanted in a gentle

ethral voice: And the phantom said, as
 he rose from the wave,
 He shall know me in sooth!
 I will go to my friend, gay, smiling and fond,
 As in our first youth.
 'What do you see,' said he.
 'I see the phantom advance, he lifts his
 veil—'tis Francis Villiers!—'tis his signa-
 ture.'
 'Are you afraid?'
 A fearful moment of silence ensued; then
 the student replied but in an altered voice:
 'I am not.'
 With strange and antic gestures the mer-
 chant then sang
 And the phantom said to the mocking sneer

"Put thy hand on my hand, thy heart to my heart, Thy mouth to my mouth."
"What do you see?"
"He comes—he approaches me—he pursues me!" "Help! help! save me!"
"Are you afraid now?" the merchant asked in a mocking voice.
A piercing cry—then a stifled groan, were the only reply to this terrible question.
"Help! that rash youth!" said the merchant bitterly. "I have, I think, won the wager; but it is sufficient for me to have given him a lesson. Let him keep his money and be wise for the future."
He walked rapidly away. We opened the door of the smelter house, and found

As soon as the student's senses were restored he asked vehemently, where was the vile sorcerer who had subjected him to such a horrible ordeal—he would kill him! He sought him throughout the Inn in vain; with the speed of a madman, he dashed off across the fields in pursuit of him—and we never saw either of them again. That, children, is my ghost story.

And how is it, uncle, that after that, you don't believe in ghosts?' said I, the first time I heard it.

'Because, my boy,' replied my uncle

THE MISAPPLIED TEXT.

'That which thou hast to do, do it with all thy might,' said a clergyman to his son one morning.

'So I did this morning,' replied Bill, with an enthusiastic gleam in his eye.

'Ah! what is it, darling?' and the father's fingers ran through his offspring's curls.

'I have been reading the Bible, and I said

be young hopeful, will be yelled. You should just hear him hollow, dad.' The father looked unhappy, while he explained that the precept did not apply to any like that, and concluded mildly with—

'You should not have done that, my child.'

'Then he'd walloped me,' replied the young hopeful.

'Better,' said the sire, 'for you to have fled from the wrath to come.'

'Yes, but,' replied the hopeful, by way of final clincher, 'Jack can run twice as fast as I can.'

The good man sighed, went to his study

As You Like it.—How many knaves do you suppose live in this street beside yourself?

Besides myself! Why, sir, do you mean to insult me?

Well, then, how many do you reckon, including yourself?

ED. Moralists may talk as much as they please of the sin of envy, but for the life of me, I can never see a pretty maid with out envying the good luck of the man who is to marry her.—*Fairchild.*

CONSUME—WHO'LL BEAT IT?—Why the life of an editor, like the book of revelations.

Because it is full of 'types and shadows, and a mighty voice, like the sound of many waters is saying unto him—Woe!

Q An old lady in Pennsylvania had a great aversion to rye, and never could eat it in any form. Till of late, said she they had got to making it into whiskey, and I can, now and then, worry down a little.'

